

THREE ASIATIC LEGENDS IN RHYME

THE
AMBITIOUS
MONKEY



TOGO
AND THE
TIGER CATS



THE
STARLING
THAT
TALKED



DONE INTO RHYME BY A. L. HETHERINGTON
AND ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE KNOWLES

THREE ASIATIC LEGENDS IN RHYME

The three stories told in this book are adapted versions of famous legends translated into English. They have been done into rhyme, and altered somewhat to make their appeal more direct to English children whilst preserving, as far as possible, the correct atmosphere, and a few embroideries added in order to seize the imagination of the child.

THE AMBITIOUS MONKEY

Tells of a monkey which aspired to become Lord of all the Sky but after learning much magic is severely chastened and sent home greatly humiliated.

TOGO AND THE DEMON CATS

A romance in which the hero, a Prince in disguise, with the help of a dog, Togo, defeats a troop of wild cats who were terrifying the people, rescuing a maiden whose life was threatened. A happy ending to the story being the marriage of the Prince and the maiden.

THE STARLING THAT TALKED

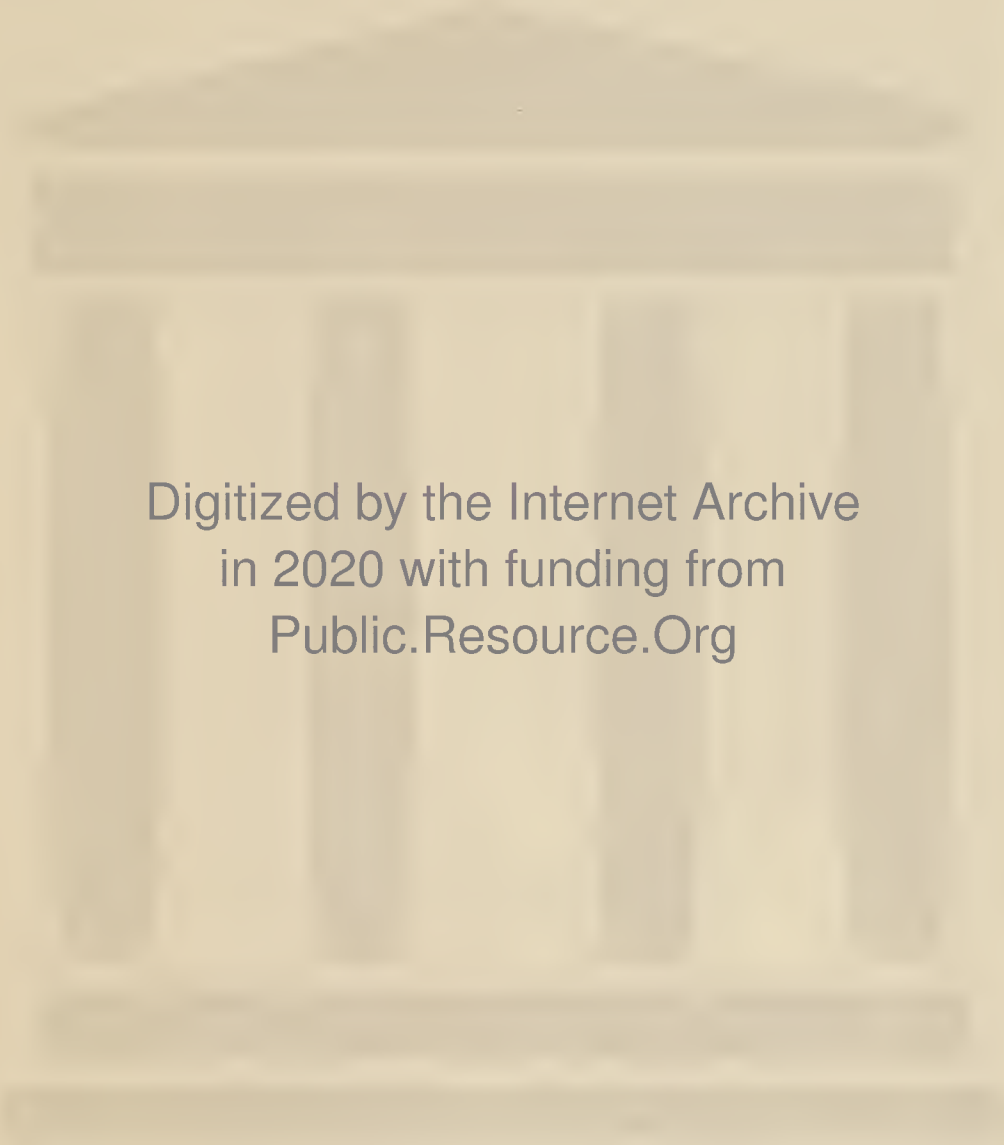
This story tells of a Starling who could talk and was the great chum of a Chinese master. With unusual cunning the starling, seeing the master had become destitute, suggested an amusing scheme by which money could be obtained for his use. Receiving permission he immediately puts the suggestion into practice with most successful results.

These three stories written for the young age are indeed typical of modern times dealing with adventure and love and romance. They have been done by A. L. Hetherington with drawings by

FRANCIS JAM

THREE ASIATIC LEGENDS
IN RHYME

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THE TEMPLE IN THE WOOD

THREE ASIATIC LEGENDS IN RHYME

THE AMBITIOUS MONKEY
TOGO AND THE DEMON CATS
THE STARLING THAT TALKED

Done into Rhyme for Children Young and Old
by

A. L. HETHERINGTON, C.B.E.

Illustrated by
HORACE KNOWLES



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PREFACE

THE three stories in this little book of rhymes, the first and third Chinese, and the second Japanese, are adapted versions of well-known legends of ancient date.

They have been altered somewhat to make their appeal more direct to English children, young and old; and a few embroideries have been added with a similar object. At the same time I have tried to preserve the essential atmosphere surrounding these old tales.

A. L. H.

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THE MONKEY LEARNING MAGIC TRICKS

THE AMBITIOUS MONKEY

THERE was a monkey, small and pert,
Who thought it would be fine
To be the King of monkey-land,
The head of all his line.
To make his claim beyond dispute,
And be a “man of strength”;
He made a raft and journeyed o’er
The ocean’s utmost length.

And, when he came to t’other side,
He sought a wizard great
To teach him all the magic tricks
Which I’ll enumerate:



He learnt the way to disappear;
To fly into the sky;
To jump in bounds of great extent,
And also very high.

He learnt the tricks at such a rate,
As monkeys do, you know,
That he assumed he really was
The greatest here below.

He, therefore, thought he would become
The Lord of all the Sky;
And wondered how he could attain
And seize supremacy.

A Dragon Prince came to the great
Lord Buddha, and enquired
If he had heard about this King
Of monkeys, who aspired

To turn the Lord of all the Sky
Out of his Kingdom there?
There seemed to be no single thing
This monkey would not dare



The Dragon Prince besought Lord Buddh
To help them put this King
Of monkeys in his place once more;
It seemed an urgent thing.

Lord Buddha journeyed to the realm
Of clouds and open sky;
And there he found the monkey King
Behaving monstrously.
He asked him what he wanted there;
His place was down below:
The monkey King replied that he
Would certainly not go.

To show that he was full of skill,
He jumped right out of sight;
And in a trice was back again,
Just like a flash of light.

“Can you do that, my great Lord Buddh,
I’d like to see you try!”
Lord Buddha smiled, and said to him
“I’ll test you, pretty high;

If you can jump out of *my* hand,
You can be all you wish:
But, if you *can’t*, then down below
I’ll send you with a swish!”

The monkey laughed, and on his hand
He perched himself and leapt;
And in a moment disappeared,
At that he was adept.

He leapt so far he reached the end,
The very edge of all;
And there he saw five pillars placed
To save him from a fall.



LORD BUDDHA AND MONKEY IN THE CLOUDS

He thought he'd prove to great Lord Buddh
That no one could compete;
So on a pillar he inscribed
A mark to prove his feat.
He thought he'd take the great Lord Buddh
Upon his back, and show
That he was fit to be possessed
Of all Buddh could bestow.

But when he got back to the hand
Of Buddha, still so calm,
He was commanded "Start your jump,
I'll keep you safe from harm."
"What! start my jump? Why, I *have* jumped;
What's more, I've been so cute
That, if you'll come, I will display
A proof beyond dispute:

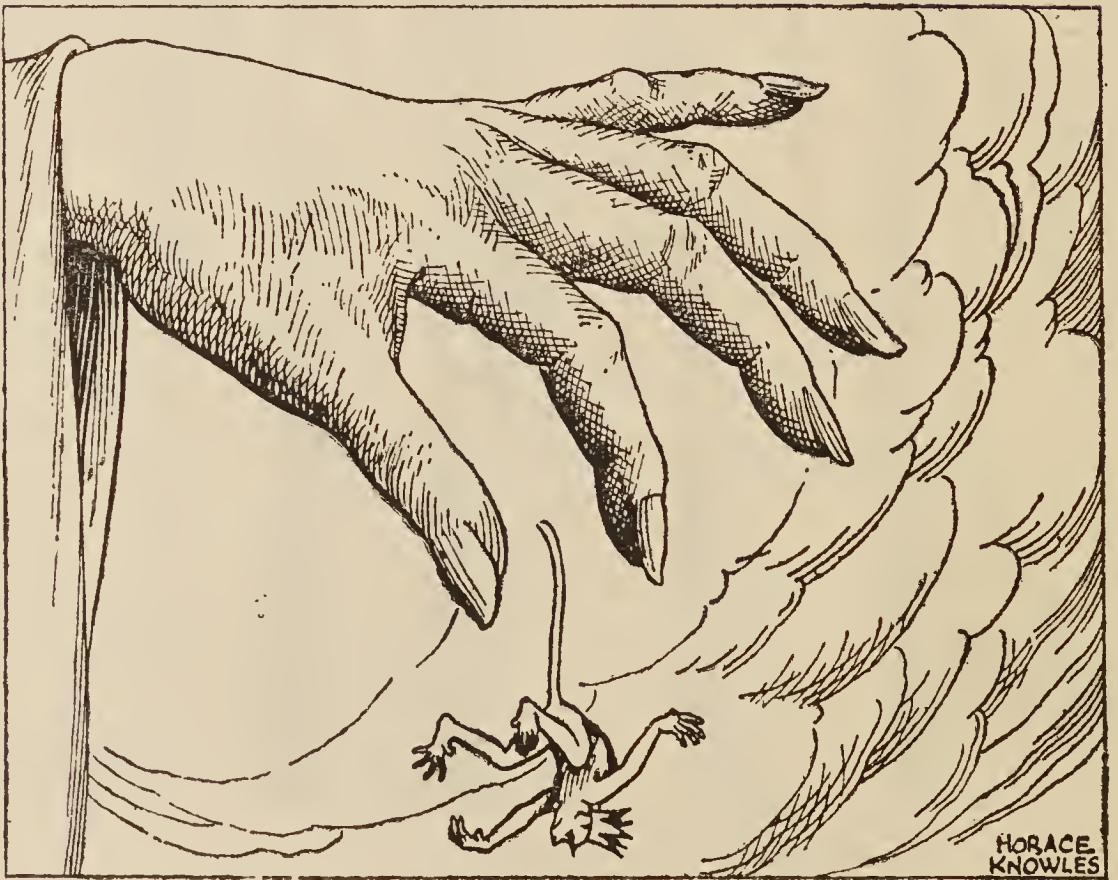
For, on a pillar at the end
Of all the world's wide space,
I've scratched a mark which no mere man
Will readily efface."
"Now look you here," Lord Buddha said,
"Look well, you monkey-spark,
Gaze on this finger of my hand
And recognise your mark!



THE MONKEY KING AND THE FIVE PILLARS

The whole wide world lies in my hand,
You can't jump out of it:
When you imagined you were gone.
My hand was there, you chit!
Those pillars which you saw just now,
Were fingers of my hand;
When you have learnt a little more,
Perhaps you'll understand.

Now get you gone, down there below!
I hope you'll learn in time
The things that are beyond your ken,
Pervading and sublime."





The monkey, humble and contrite,
Returned to earth once more;
He sought no longer, as Sky King,
In majesty to soar.

That, children, is a fairy tale,
And full of phantasy;
But possibly there's something else
To learn, for you and me.



THE PRINCE IN KNIGHT'S DISGUISE

TOGO AND THE DEMON CATS

ONCE upon a time you know
(For that's the way all stories go)
There lived a Prince, both young and wise,
Who sallied forth in knight's disguise
To seek adventures and to fight,
Perhaps to rescue from some plight
A beauteous maiden, save her life,
And so, with luck, obtain a wife.

One day the Prince came to a wood,
In which a tiny temple stood,
And, as there was but little light,
He thought he'd better sleep that night
Upon its hard and stone-cold floor,
Despite the fact there was no door.
Now as he slept, he heard a yell
Which had a sound, both weird and fell.

Outside he saw a troop of cats,
At sight of whom I think all rats
Would just have shivered at the thought
Of being in their talons caught.
They were a hideous, awful crew
Who shrieked and screamed; they did not mew:
And at the head there danced one cat
Who shrieked the worst and fire spat.

Now while the Prince looked on this sight
(Which caused him quite a little fright)
He heard the cats shriek "Our great foe
Is the great and stout Togo."
The row went on till past midnight,
When all the cats went out of sight.
The Prince returned once more to bed,
The shrieks still running through his head.

Next morn he travelled on again,
And to a village shortly came
Where there was such a how-de-do,
For all were weeping, specially two,





A man and wife who said, with tears,
“A Demon has for years and years
Insisted that a maiden fair
Be left outside the shrine up there:
This year our daughter is the child
Selected by the Demon wild;
To-night within a cage she must
Before his ravening jaws be thrust.”

The Prince asked them to fetch the maid,
And told her not to be afraid;
Since he, for sure, would rescue her
From all the Demons anywhere.



THE PRINCE WITH PARENTS AND MAIDEN

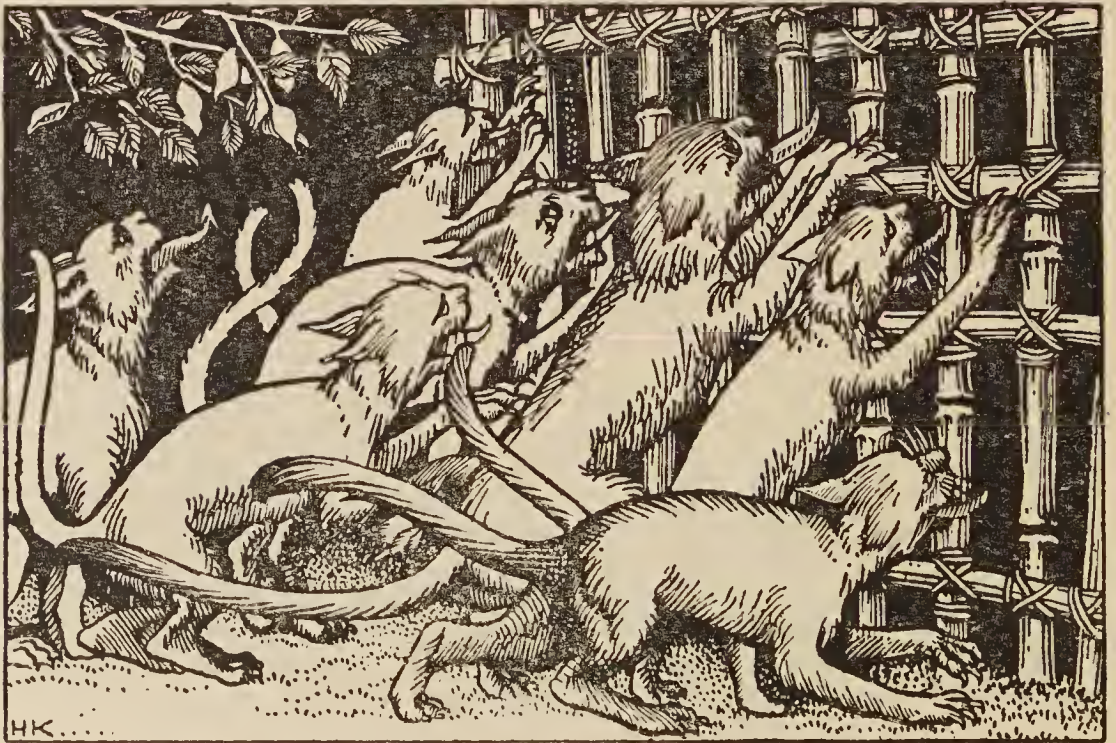
The Prince already had a clue
To what he really ought to do,
And asked the people "Do you know
Of anyone called stout Togo?"
"Why yes," they said, "he is a dog;
For short, we sometimes call him Tog;
He is a dear and very brave,
But to the children just a slave."

The Prince proceeded next to find
The owner, saying, "Would you mind
Providing Togo for the night?
I'll bring him back before it's light."



The owner said "Why, certainly."
And Togo wagged his tail with glee.
The Prince put Togo in the cage
And off they set their war to wage.

The Prince placed Togo, cage and all,
So that the moonlight would not fall
Upon the front; and waited for
The Demon cats an hour or more.
At midnight, when the moon was high,
The hideous cats, with fiendish cry,
Came dancing up to Togo's cage,
Displaying every kind of rage.
They thought within its prison shade
There sat a trembling, dainty maid!





OUT SPRANG TOGO FROM HIS LAIR

The leader of the Demon troop
Unloosed the cage door's hooked-up loop,
To seize his pretty victim there;
When out sprang Togo from his lair.
He seized the great, big leader-cat
As if he were a sewer rat:
He held him fast with gleaming teeth
Until the Prince drew from its sheath
His trusty sword, and at the tilt
Could thrust it home up to the hilt.

The other cats, their leader dead,
Dismayed, turned tail and off they fled;
And those that stayed were so confused
The Prince could kill them as he choosed.





“YOU SHALL BE MY DARLING QUEEN”

Then back again the Prince returned
With Togo, who had rightly earned
The thanks of all, not least the maid,
Who to the Prince, with blushes, said;
“If you will take me as your wife,
I will be loving all my life.”
The Prince replied, “That’s just the thing,
For shortly I will be a King;
And you shall be my darling Queen,
The sweetest one the world has seen.”



The wedding was a great affair,
The presents were so rich and rare;
Who do you think was their Best Man?
Why Togo, who beside them ran,

He barked his pleasure, wagged his tail,
As if it were a thrashing-flail.
He had no hands to clap, you see,
So, with his tail, he showed his glee.
And later on old Togo paid
A yearly visit; when he stayed
Their honoured guest, for it was he
Who gave them their felicity.





THE CHINESE AND HIS STARLING

THE STARLING THAT TALKED

IN China, some long time ago,
(Whence “china” is derived, you know),
There was a man who had a pet;
A starling, just a bird, and yet
The man’s great chum, for it could talk
And went with him on every walk;
It chatted to him, gave advice,
Which was most helpful and precise.

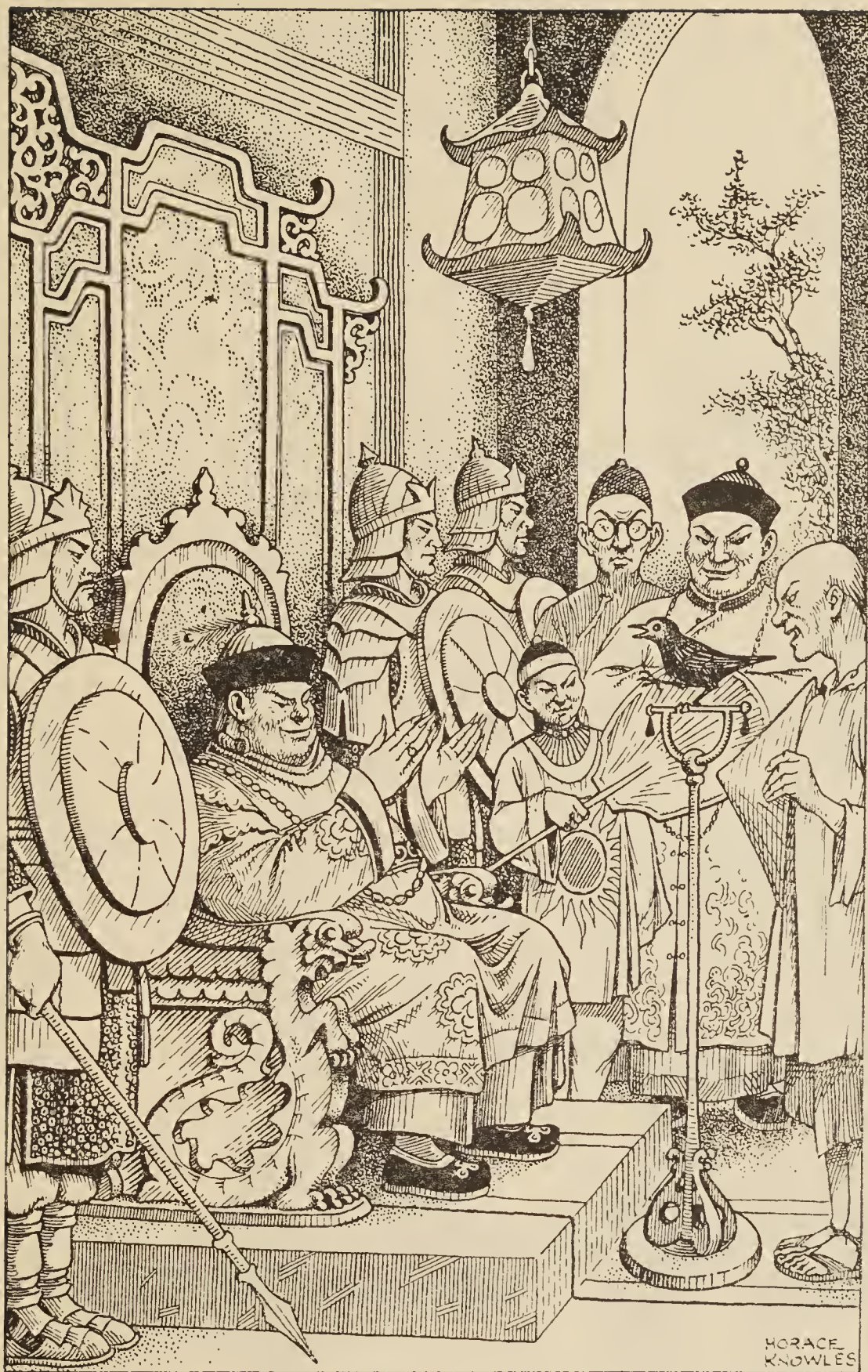
One day the man found he had nought
To buy them food of any sort;
The bird and he were famished quite,
And wanted to get home that night:
They were distressed and did not know
What they could do, or where to go;
Until the starling said, “I see
What you must do: you must sell me.”

“My darling bird, I can’t do that,
I would much rather pawn my hat;
Or go about in pouring rain
Without my coat, and get a pain
In every limb; in fact, I’d do
Just anything but part with you.”
The starling cocked its little head,
It winked its eye and then it said:—



“Oh! that’s all right, I know a way
By which to get the cash, and stay
With you; for I would get the hump
Without your company, my chump.
You take me to the palace there,
And say you’ve got a bird most rare;
A starling that can really speak
With human voice—a splendid freak.”

“The Prince for me will give much gold,
And when your starling you have sold,
I’ll find a way to fly and join
You once again, with all the coin;



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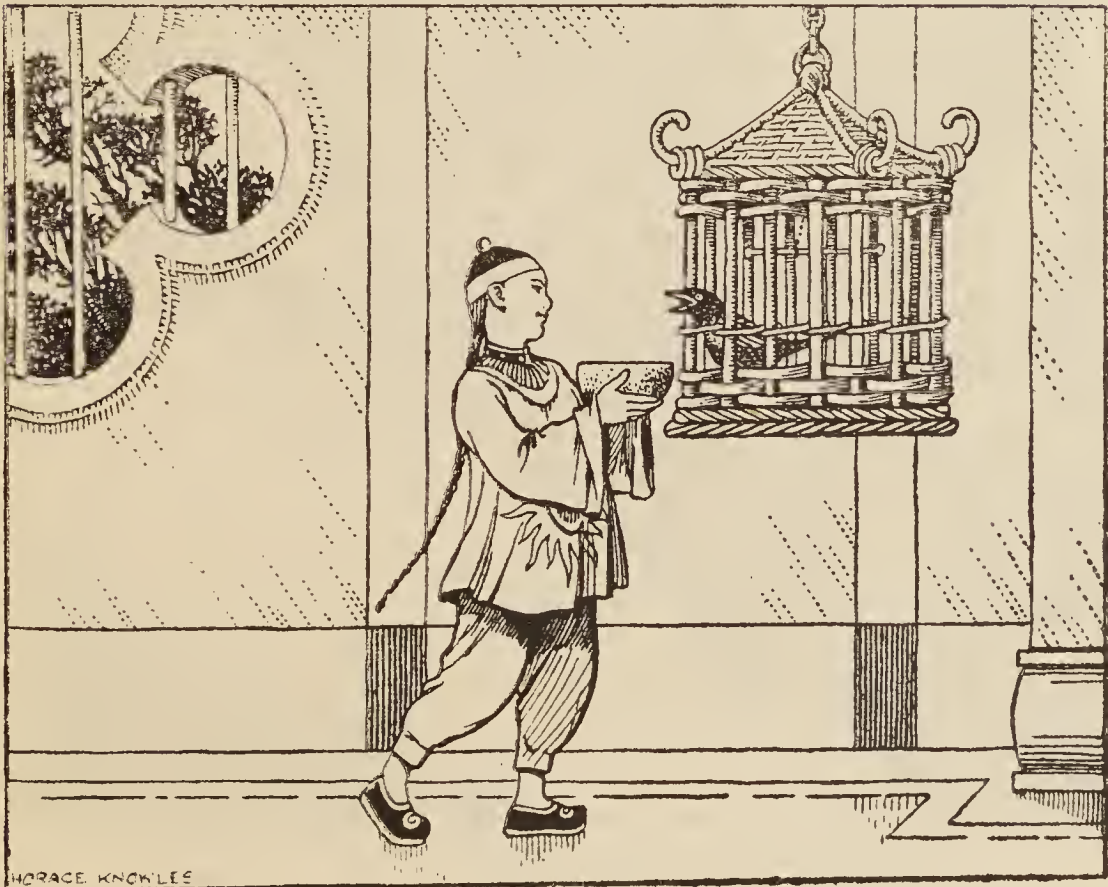
THE PRINCE DELIGHTED WITH THE BIRD



THE STARLING FLIES AWAY

So just you go, and do make haste;
For look at all the time you waste;
And listen! Wait beside the wood
With all the cash and do be good!"

The Prince, delighted with the bird,
Produced a purse, in size absurd;
He was so pleased to get a thing
Which talked as well as it could sing:
He gave the starling lots to eat,
Some sugar plums and cakelets sweet;
He put it in a lovely cage,
Appointed Chang to be its page.





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THE SOLDIERS SENT TO RECALL THE OWNER

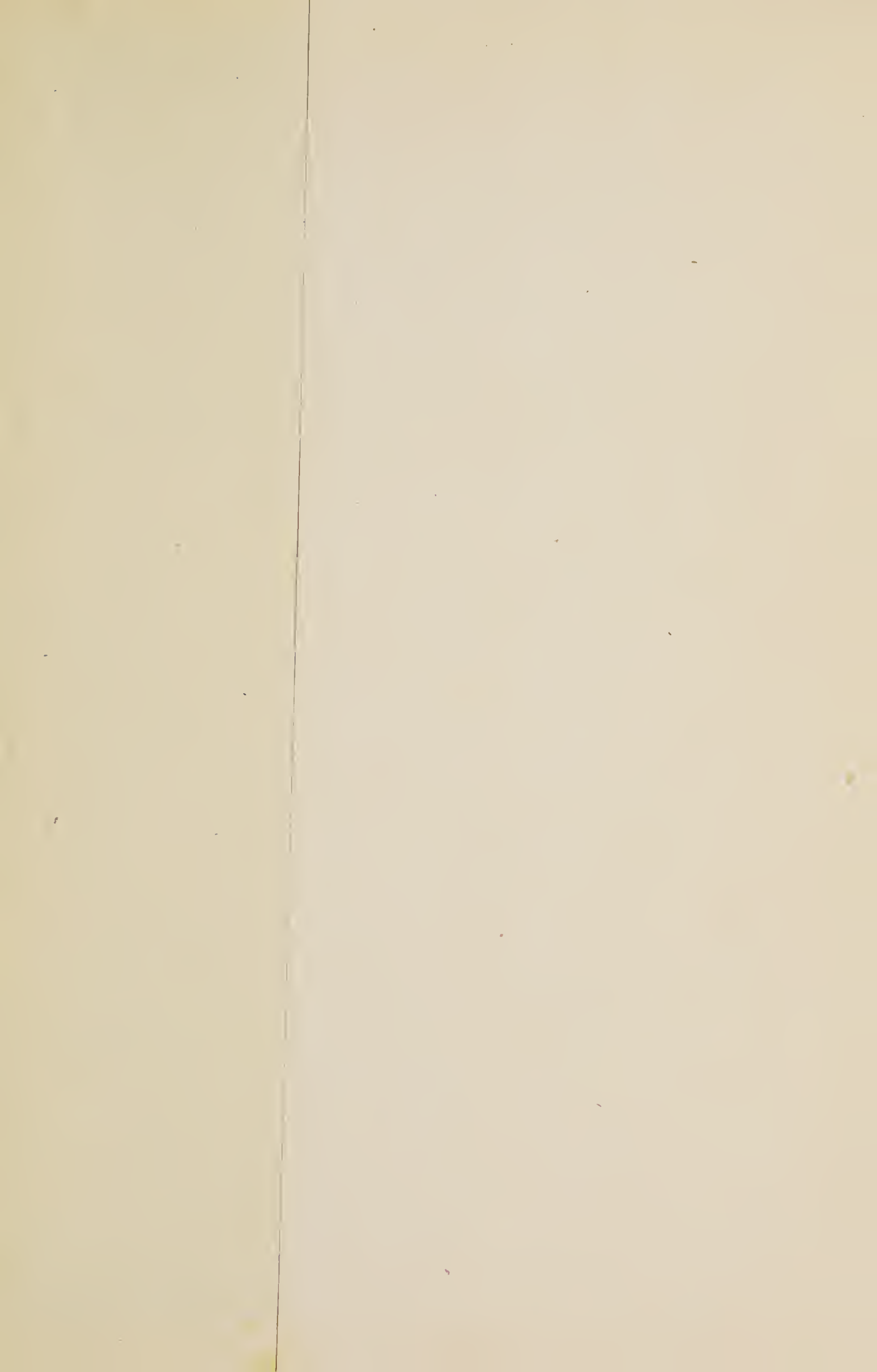
Well, very soon the starling said,
“I’d like a bath to wash my head;
The sticky sugar from the cake
From off my beak I’d like to take.”
A golden bowl, with water clear,
Was placed by Chang before the dear,
Who splashed about with greatest joy
Inside the rich and golden toy.

Now, when its head and beak were clean,
It flew about and asked to preen
Its feathers in the open air,
On the verandah that was there.
But, when it was completely dry,
It cocked its head and said “Goodbye,”
And off it flew to join its chum:
But Master Chang, the page, looked glum.

The Prince was angry when he heard
All that had happened to the bird;
He sent some soldiers to recall
The owner of that starling small;
But, by this time, the man had gone;
And long before the break of dawn,
They were back home again once more
Beside their little cabin door.



THE CHISWICK PRESS



SAMPA: THE BABY SEAL

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THIS lovable story has been specially written for the young by Barbara Ellis Browne and centres round the friendship, formed whilst playing on the seashore of Lighthouse Island, between a boy named Robin and a baby seal. The story tells of the excitement of rides under water with the seals and of the finding of a gold coin on the bed of the sea and in the discovery of a sunken pirate ship. This ship was eventually brought to land, together with its load of treasure, all of which was given to the Country, resulting in a command to Robin and the Baby Seal to visit Buckingham Palace and the presentation of a gold medal. The story is charmingly written and is illustrated with drawings by Bay Robinson.

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